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Shetland Islands they make burrows in a cliff like Sand Martens when a great number meet together in the same cliff. Like the Manx Shearwater, they make a noise in their nest holes which can be distinctly heard by the passengers walking on the cliff-top.

This bird as well as the Fulmar Petrel possesses a singular amount of oil, and both species have the power of throwing it from the mouth when frightened. In St. Kilda the natives catch both Fulmar and Stormy Petrels as they sit closely on their eggs and make them disgorge the oil into a can brought for the purpose, they then let the bird go and catch another, and in this manner gallons of pure oil are collected every season.

The Stormy Petrel only lays one egg, sometimes at the end of a burrow, from one to three feet deep, and other times the egg is laid under stones on the sea beach above high water mark.

A series of thirty eggs before me average in size 1.10 long by .76 broad. They are usually white, with a faint zone of reddish-brown around the larger end of the egg.

The ground color of this bird is sooty black, and the outer edges of the tertials and the upper tail coverts are white. Its length is scarcely six inches.

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## MY HUNT FOR THE BLACK-POLL WARBLER.

*Dendroica Striata.*

BY F. H. CARPENTER, ATTLEBOROUGH, MASS.

The northern journey of the feathered migrants in southern New England is nearly completed, and nesting among those that remain with us has already begun, when the trained ear of the observer will detect faint notes amongst the now dense foliage, that betokens a new arrival.

To the novice, the curious wheezy notes may be mistaken for some tiny quadruped, but if he searches closely he will discover a plump little warbler in a plain suit of grey and black as the author, and the broad, black patch on the crown and head will serve for sufficient identification of the species.

The Black-poll Warbler, is one of the latest of our migrating birds. His transit is made under the cover of the foliage, and thus his travels are nearly as secluded as his home in the distant forests of the north, towards which he is so laggardly journeying. The few skins in my cabinet told no tale of their origin or habits, and the knowledge I possessed of these birds, was but a brief page in their history; hence, when one spring I sailed northward, leaving my Massachusetts home just as their van arrived from the south, I wondered if I would be permitted to discover the sequel to their northern travel.

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Darker and darker gathered the lowering clouds o'er the storm-beaten precipitous cliffs of Grand Manan. Great banks of fog driven by the southern wind shut ever and anon from our gaze, the little rock-bound harbor we were trying to make. Around "White-horse Ledge" the Leache's Petrels were circling in evident anxiety as some great green wave dashing against the ledge would over-top and hurl its flood over the rounded dome of the little island which contained their burrows. The gulls flew in confusion uttering more loudly their hoarse cries, as they endeavored to beat against the wind, that they might reach their nests on a distant cliff, while those at home screamed notes of encouragement or derision to the struggling incomers.

On the high cliff at the "Southern Head," monstrous waves driven by the wind and the flowing tide, such as is known only in the Bay of Funda, dashed into the caverns with reports like artillery, driving from their recesses the Black Guillemot and Puffins, which flew in wild disorder seeking some safe retreat. Low peals of thunder betokened the coming tempest, and it was with a sense of grateful relief, when our yawl was beached on the shingly shore in a little bay on the lee side of the island. The boat made secure, we dashed toward the dense evergreen forest into which shelter we were hardly ensconced when the storm burst upon us.

There was something undefinable in thus interviewing the fury of the elements, more inspiring than when in peaceful calm I had rowed my light dory from island to island.

One of my companions, a stalwart son of the old fisherman, with whom I was staying, soon after our arrival under the firs, began to continue his interrupted search for oological treasures, doubtless

stimulated by a reward I had offered him for each distinct variety he would discover. It was easy to walk about in our refuge as the trunks of the spruce and firs were branchless for a considerable distance, and the tops so closely interwoven protected us from the rain.

I followed my friend, not caring to lose his guidance, in the depths of this almost trackless forest and we had not proceeded far when he eagerly beckoned me to approach. Complying with his request, I joined him and he pointed out to me a nest about eight ft. up in a small spruce sapling. It was a neatly woven, compact structure of fine greyish plant-fibres, with a few white gull feathers ornamenting its exterior. Just visible above the brim, was the head and tail of the brooding occupant, thus admitting of an immediate, and positive identification.

I had at last found the home of the Black-poll Warbler, amid the solitude of this northern sea-girt island. The bird allowed me to approach within a few feet of the nest, before she left it.

Its contents were revealed to be five eggs reposing on a firm bed of exceedingly fine plant fibres. The eggs were rather coarse in appearance for the genus *Dendroica*, being of a bluish-white ground color, heavily splashed with various shades of brown over the entire surface.

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## NESTING HABITS OF THE WHITE-BELLIED NUTHATCH.

*Sitta Carolinensis.*

BY JAMES B. PURDY, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

The White-bellied Nuthatch, although a common bird and known to almost every schoolboy, has habits during their nesting season, that are unknown to any one except those who are close observers and make birds a careful study. They usually select for their nesting place a hole in a tree twenty-five or thirty feet from the ground and always in a natural cavity, and during the construction of the nest, which is always performed by the female, the male bird's entire time is devoted to furnishing her with food.